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Title: Cursed Blade of Junin

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Smoke and fire, soot and  
ash.  
Shadowed twilight come to  
pass.  
Blackened symbols, glowing  
red  
Wisps of Darkness 'round  
piles of dead.

D' man over dere,  
Fergush, wid da pretty  
green armor? 'e was here  
lasht night too. He come  
by after da sword. Did  
ya hear about da sword  
of Junin?"

I admitted I hadn't heard  
anything about Junin's  
sword. His axe, I'd heard  
had lopped heads off  
bodies all across  
Britannia, but I'd heard  
no mention of his sword.  
"Oh, see, 'e brung 'is long  
sword in here...well, let m'  
see. 'e brung hisself in  
here, disguised like, an'  
sat down right dere. And  
den 'e jumps up, reveals  
himself like, and den  
sticks da table wit 'is  
sword! And den Fergus  
gets wind o' it, and  
comes by t' look at d'  
sword."

I payed renewed attention  
to the dialog between  
Fergus and the guard.  
Fergus offered that he  
had something the guard  
should see, and handed  
over the sword. The  
guard looked at it a bit  
and then...well, get this!  
He started to try to  
hold this sword, as if to  
test its balance or some

such, when it exploded! A  
trapped sword! Trapped  
against his Lordship's  
guard specifically, it  
seemed, or maybe set off  
remotely (for Junin  
himself was once again  
visiting incognito from  
time to time this night).

Halston leapt in pain and  
his hand looked charred.  
Knowing how tough  
Halston is and looking at  
the severity of the  
wound, many folk guessed  
it might have killed a  
lesser man. And the  
strange, strange sword?  
A mangled mess.

Halston gave his hand  
over to a healer for  
treatment and promised  
to redouble his efforts  
to track the Followers.